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These names have been furnished by the parties themselves, or by friends of theirs, or mine, or by our mutual friends or they are acquaintances of mine; and in all cases they are put on the regular mailing list of the Blade on the supposition that they will pay for the paper, at the rate of "Rich men" or "Poor men," as they may decide, as by the terms printed at the head of this paper. You owe for the paper from the date printed after your name.

If you do not want the paper, please inform me, or direct the postmaster to inform me to that effect. If you do want the paper please pay me promptly for it, or notify me that you intend to do so, at your earliest convenience.

In general terms I ask you, whether you be Christian or infidel, to do to me, as you would have me do to you.

Yours fraternally,
CHARLES C. MOORE,
Editor B. G. BLADE.

COL. INGERSOLL'S

Letter to Me and My Answer to it.

NEW YORK CITY,
400 Fifth Avenue, May 8, 1894.

My dear Mr. Moore, I am sorry that you are in trouble—sorry that you touched the feelings of your neighbors—but I do not think you have violated any law—though you may have lacked courtesy.

It is impossible for me to take your case. My time is already mortgaged. Besides, if I should appear it might injure you by fanning into flame all of the bigotry in your section.

I guess you will not need much help. Yours always,
R. G. INGERSOLL.

Lexington, Ky., May 14, 1894.
Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll.

Dear Sir—In candor I must say that your letter dispels, from my mind, much of the illusion that has for years hung around your name, and I believe it will have the same effect upon many of your friends in Kentucky.

Before I ever heard of you, and when I did not know, or know of, an infidel in Kentucky, if in the United States, I walked down out of a pulpit, when I was at the height of my popularity, and loved by a highly intelligent and appreciative congregation of which I had charge, and took hold of the plow handle, when I had not been reared to work, because I had discovered all unaided, and just from reading the Bible, the "Mistakes of Moses."

It not only broke my mother's heart, but broke my own heart; and I saw, in prospect, as plainly as I now see the thirty years in retrospect, the ill of woes that my departure from the faith of my fathers has brought upon me.

I had not the genius to successfully defy the world as you have so heroically and successfully done. I had nothing to support me but the knowledge that I was right, and the courage of my convictions.

When you, like a Minerva from the thigh of Jupiter, sprang at one bound, full panoplied into the arena, and as-tounded and startled, like some wondrous brilliant meteor, the whole civilized world, and dashed from the very assailed flanks the legions of howling hypocrites, as some Newmen lion would a pack of curs of low degree, you were a revelation to me, and I bowed at the shrine of your mighty genius, with an adoration and idolatry far more genuine than that which the average Christian feels for his God.

I read your books, traveled to a distance to hear your lectures, cheerfully paid high prices to hear them, sought and obtained interviews with you, and to you and to others, in season and out of season, utterly regardless of all that it was costing me in money, in social recognition, and in every interest of every kind save that of mental liberty, out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spake my unbounded, wild, enthusiasm for you. It cost me my position in a bank, and my position on a newspaper, and came nearer costing me the love of the dearest wife that ever plighted troth than all else together.

But by years of pure life I have lived down all of this, and my neighbors saw that a man could be an infidel and be a good man.

The conviction that I was right grew with my years, and ripened into defiant courage as my hair began to silver with the frosts of years, and I wrote a book in which I said kind and enthusiastic things about you. I became a Prohibitionist, and when as the editor of a Prohibition paper, the way to eminence and financial success seemed clear if I would only pander to Christian ignorance, bigotry and hypocrisy, I would not desert you because you were right, though letters came by the hundred repudiating me and refusing my support, and time and again, until I can not now count them, Christian men, threatened to murder me with the same breath that proclaimed their faith in their religion.

Christian men caught me in the public highway, and in the name of the church subjected me to such outrage as no other Kentuckian ever suffered, and finally a church that worships God and believes that Jesus was born with a God for His father, fished me out and put me in jail, locked in a stone and steel cell for two months with negro thieves and murderers for saying, in the defence of good morals what every intelligent man in the Blue Grass region knows was true.

Many good Christians and good infidels came to see me and wrote me kind letters, and they came from all over the United States, but none of them were signed Robert G. Ingersoll.

I went to my farm and worked hard for two years to recuperate from my

losses, and to let my wife recover the health that her sympathy with me had almost destroyed; she once lying at the point of death when I was locked up in jail and refused by Christian men, the privilege of going to see her under a guard for just one day.

Four times I have started my paper, and though no man has ever lost a dollar by me, I have lost money every time and this last time in about three months I have lost out of my own pocket, beside my time and labor, about \$200.

Lately I said in my paper that Christ had a father—namely, that God had. A Unitarian minister, then the doctor of liberty falls into

the hands of the church members is name brought before the church to be voted upon for preacher and pastor.

Not long since I read in your paper a letter written by Robert G. Ingersoll, to me that you are sorry that I have touched the feelings of my neighbors. When I have read your reply to Gladstone I have said that you where the prince of irony and that juvenile was not your peer in satire; but little did I think that I your humble friend and admirer would be the victim of the most scathing of all that has ever flowed from your gifted pen.

I have now some adequate appreciation of what "The grand old man," and the lovely Dr. Field must have felt, and what must have been the sense or pain with which you actually killed old Judge Jerry Black. But they were your enemies and I was your friend. They got only what they had a right to expect.

They were rich and had millions of friends. I stand alone, and moneyless and troubled, and seeing the almost certainty of my conviction when my trial comes in July.

I am silly enough to boast how you would come to my aid, though I was ashamed to have to say that I would have to pay you for your services.

You could not have been ignorant of my case. It was in the Associated Press dispatches everywhere; and when I asked you for bread, even for money, you gave me a stone.

The last issue of my paper tells how a Catholic priest of St. Paul, Minnesota, who had never seen and talked to me half as much as you have done, sent me \$500 to help me out of a \$600 salary, and wrote a splendid article which was published in my paper, and twelve pages of beautifully and closely written private letter to me, full of such tender love and brotherly affection that my aspiration is now to have him come and see me in my humble but sweet and rosy old Kentucky home.

I have no more faith in any kind of Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, than I have in Buddhism, and not as much faith in either of them as I have in Mohammedanism. I do not believe that Jesus Christ was any better man than Martin Mahony, or that the mother of Jesus was any better than my mother, or my wife; and yet what kind of a fix you have left me in to boost infidelity and blast Catholicism.

Where did you get the idea that I had "lacked courtesy?" You are the first man that has ever suggested it. Certainly no Kentucky infidel has said it, and if Christians may have said it, are you absolutely certain that the whole Christian world has concurred in the sentiment that you were absolutely courteous?

Though I am a gentleman to the manner—and manner—born, I have lately worked with the negroes, and I have been imprisoned and treated as if I were an outlaw; and if, under these circumstances, I may not try to get to my Chesterfield so punctiliously as you who have lived on grand stages and "Fifth Avenue" may have done, is a little lack of courteousness a thing for which I ought to be imprisoned?

I hope that your time is all of you that is "mortgaged," and that your soul is not in the same fix, with the devil as the mortgagee.

It is so considerate in you to suggest that your presence might injure me by fanning into flame all the bigotry in my section.

Of course nothing of that sort exists here now where they have had me in jail twice and in the penitentiary the third time, and where last week a Christian editor threatened to kill me, and where vilification and lies about me constitute a large feature of the newspapers.

Your guess that I would not need much help was an exceedingly bad guess for a man of your distinguished perceptive powers, but I guess I will try not to need yours.

A sadder but a wiser man I am yours respectfully,
CHARLES C. MOORE.

What Rev. L. A. Cutler, of Virginia, thinks about this Blasphemy Business.

Louisville, Va., May 12, 1894.
Dear Moore—Brave, honest, charitable, generous, truthful, and a lover of your fellow-men, you excite my admiration for your character, and my sympathy in your trouble.

When I read of your cruel persecution, fine and imprisonment in jail two or three years ago, I blushed with very shame for the civilization of our country, and was disgusted with the method adopted by the church of defending herself.

And now you have been indicted by a grand jury of Kentucky, for blasphemy, at the instigation of a Methodist preacher! Is that the way Methodist preachers in Kentucky love their enemies and vindicate their religion? Is Christian truth to be defended by an appeal to civil government? Should the Church ask aid of Caesar in propagating her doctrines and punishing her enemies?

C. C. Moore, upright and honorable, a gentleman whose character is without reproach, arrested for blasphemy, because he does not believe in the incarnation of God!

Arrest Col. Robert Ingersoll! Arrest the Rev. R. C. Ingersoll! Arrest the Unitarians of the country!

That act of indignation against you for blasphemy is a noble one. If professed Christians are taught by the church to hate their enemies, to do spite to them, and to use spitefully use and resort to law for the vindication of their honor, then the doctrine of Christ is ignored and the doctrine of liberty falls into

the hands of the church members is name brought before the church to be voted upon for preacher and pastor.

I am a Christian minister; I trust in the Bible; I trust in the church members, who are taught to hate their enemies, to do spite to them, and to use spitefully use and resort to law for the vindication of their honor, then the doctrine of Christ is ignored and the doctrine of liberty falls into

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Teeth Extracted 25 cents.

Vitalized Air Administered 50 cts.

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Editor Hodges Not Drunk, but Rattled.

The following is from the Observer of May 5th:

"Should the preachers of the gospel of peace permit in calling the attention of the world to the candidacy of Col. Breckinridge the pulpits, some godless heathen like Charles Moore who happens to have a secret grievance to gratify, will take it into his head to imitate the tactics of the arch-tar, and write a comparative history of Breckinridge and David, and as the question in slinging the psalm of David before David has appeared before them in person to ask their individual forgiveness."

An appreciative stranger who reads that would naturally think that Editor Hodges of the Observer was something of a fool or was drunk. But he was neither. He is a cultivated and educated gentleman of good principles—though a moral coward—and the explanation of the evident phenomenon in the editorials which I have quoted from him is that he is "rattled."

This is a state of mind into which every editor is liable occasionally to fall. It is the result of overstraining of the brain, and is nothing more or less than temporary imbecility, which an editor has to expose in himself because his paper has to appear periodically regardless of his fitness to edit it.

Those are all good dictionary words and they are joined in one long sentence with apparent recognition of the rules of syntax, but you may read and re-read them and you will get no clear idea, from the simple fact that the editor did not have clearly before his own mind what he wanted to say.

That peculiarly characterizes everything said in the Observer of that date. Immediately following this squib is a long editorial about me, in which he tries to explain how sorry he is that he so badly frightened me by threatening in a joke, to kill me.

He says "Bro. Moore then became very much alarmed and got away so quickly that his frigid allusion to himself could not explain that he was jesting."

While I am known not to be a fighting man the statement is like this: "It is a patent to anybody that knows anything about us."

He is considerably older and considerably smaller than I am, and he has seen a dry goods merchant and an editor, and I have lately been working on the gun cutting and sawing big logs of hard knotwood, and splitting them with a maul and wedge. I think I could pick him up and carry him across the street and set him down, without hurting him, on the opposite side, in spite of any of his threats to prevent me, and if he does not think I can I will undertake the job anyway that he will name and meet me for that purpose.

Col. Hodges apologized to me, in the presence of my son, entirely at his own instance, and in a perfectly gentlemanly manner, and on this account I went to Judge Jewell and made an arrangement not to appear against Col. Hodges. But not only in his interviews with the reporters, but here in his own paper, does he fail to make any allusion to the apology which he made me; but, while posing as a high-toned Christian and full of expression of religious reverence he apparently wants to get the reputation of being a holy terror.

If he had just the candor and magnanimity, or even the simple justice to tell the plain facts about it, every body, including myself, would have been willing to forgive and forget what everybody now thinks was an impropriety in him.

Col. Hodges is inconsistent, and his inconsistency sticks out everywhere. He complains of my being an infidel and that he can get to that fact emphasized before the public.

While he calls me "Brother" in his editorial about me, and says repeatedly that he is my friend, his allusions to me as an infidel and atheist and blasphemer are evidently intended to injure me and do injury more than the more open and more honest enemy of little Matthews the Campbellite Prohibition preacher. It injures me by making Christian people stop taking my paper without paying me for it.

Col. Hodges' paper in which all this pious appears has the advertisement and local notices of the race course, and the main advertisement that has ever been in his paper was that of the distillery of E. H. Taylor.

There is no race horse man or distiller in Kentucky that would be fool enough to try to get his advertisement in my paper, though the circulation of the Blade is probably ten times larger than that of the Observer. They simply know that they can't do it. But worse than all this, Editor Hodges' paper is filled with apologies for Billy Breckinridge, and the common enquiry is what is the job that Hodges expects to get to pay for all this boosting of Billy.

While Hodges is a Christian, almost as aggressive as Billy, the women of the country have printed their repudiation of him in the same way that they have of Billy; while, indeed, that I am, nobody has seen anything that any woman has said blasting me, and this issue of this paper shows that they regard me as their friend.

Editor Hodges feels that he has exposed himself in his advocacy of Breckinridge and he feels that people see it, and he does not sleep well under it, and he has "that tired feeling," and his efforts to perry the attack of Rev. R. Jones reminds me of what a snake does with his tail when you have your heel firmly on his head.

There is only one way that Editor Hodges can recover himself, and that is simply to acknowledge that he is wrong, and "back out and grease" and take a fresh start.

As it is now, the women and Rev. Jones and I all have him on the hip and to maintain an inglorious defensive is all that he can do.

If Billy is elected he may get his plum, but he and everybody else will know that it is the price of his manhood.

'Twas ever Thus.

Heresy is still recruiting from orthodoxy. This time it is E. C. (or C. H.) Garvin, of the "Christian" church, Professor of Theology in Butler University, at Irvington, Indiana. Prof. Garvin's offense is that he has said "the death of Christ has nothing to do with the salvation of sinners."

This of course is blasphemy, and disparaging to the Christian religion, as are many of the things that I have said and am still saying, and still intend to say, but the civil law in Indiana has not taken him in hand as it has done me in Kentucky.

The letters that I have received about my blasphemy indicates Indiana to be one of the strongest of infidel states, and it has been, and is, unusually active in Prohibition work.

This is the third instance of the development of heresy in Professors of theological institutions; the other two being Briggs and Henry Preserved Smith of the Presbyterian Church, as was also David Swing. R. C. Cave is another instance from the Christian church. McQuary and Dr. Thomas are respectively from the Episcopal and Methodist churches.

The list of heretics is gradually growing, while the fact that Joe Blackburn, an intellectual adult, was about to become a Christian excited the surprise of the country. The church holds its own by converting immature boys and girls, but among all the strange things that are happening these days by the way, no such thing as a scholarly man in mature years, and sound in body and mind, being converted to a belief of the Christian religion.

It is a most noticeable fact that while such prominent Christians as Beecher, Breckinridge and Talmage have had their morals assailed—the first two for fornication and the last for lying; being charged by his own congregation—no body has found any fault with the morals of any man who has distinguished himself by lapsing from the Christian faith, and Ingersoll, whose life has been watched more closely than that of any man in the United States, has never yet been caught in anything of which he or his friends are ashamed.

If religion evolves as much in the coming fifty years as it has done in the fifty years that I can recollect it, at the expiration of that time what we infidels now believe will be orthodox, and the something as unthought of by the infidels of this day as were the electric ideas of Edison fifty years ago.

I remember when hell was just as I remember about as heaven is now, and it was always described as a place of fire and brimstone down in the underworld. In a half dozen average sermons in Lexington now the word hell will probably not occur once, and even when we do hear it, it is not in its old meaning.

The fear of hell has long been the lash that the church has held over the ignorant to terrorize them into submission, and the church will lose its hold on the masses in proportion as the belief in hell weakens.

As soon as Rationalism has gotten rid of the superstition about hell, it will attack that about heaven. While the story about hell is regularly and gradually weakening that about heaven is not gaining any strength. In the fifty years that I have lived I have heard it talked about nothing new in popular conception of the place has been attained. It is now only, as for centuries it has been, a place where the people will have wings, and play on harp and have a palm leaf and walk on golden streets. There has been an attempt to add "golden slippers" to the angelic outfit, but it has proved abortive.

Modern modes of locomotion beat wings, brass bands beat harps, electric street cars beat golden streets, and the regular occurrence of popular airs is more in consonance with modern taste, than one eternal and monotonous shout of Hallelujah!

The Courier-Journal and Georgetown Times on Breckinridge.

The Courier-Journal and the Georgetown Times, have for the first time, in their recent issues come out against Billy.

They take great credit to themselves that they have been so conservative about this matter and the gullible, fool public accords them all that they have the monumental gall to claim.

The fact of the thing is that these two newspapers have simply been watching to see which way the cat was going to jump. They are editors for revenue only, and they did not say a word against Billy until they thought the rest of us had got him down, and now these men come out as the only modern emulators of the justice of Marcus Aurelius or Roman Alaric.

The duty of any editor who is of any account to the world, is to manufacture public sentiment, and make "it" just and not wait until somebody else has manufactured it, and then merely reflect what somebody else has done.

A man who has had to wait this long to get onto Billy's racket and understand his true inwardness, has not brains enough to be trusted with the editing of a newspaper; and the man who did know about him and has never said it until this late in the day is not honest enough to be trusted with the editing of a newspaper.

For the Courier-Journal and the Georgetown Times to be arrogating to themselves special credit for never having blasted old Billy until now is an instance of gall only second to that of Billy himself.

Editor Charles C. Moore, to whom Professor McGarvey, referred as his "Heathen friend," was seated at the table with The Transcript man on the stage during the meeting and said:

The chances for renomination or reelection are decidedly against Breckinridge. The reaction of the sentiment which Colonel Breckinridge created by the delivery of his lengthy address is wonderfully rapid. I find that man who at that time would have sworn by him are now among his most bitter opponents. I am against him, as the public by this time is surely aware. Who am I for? Why the best and purest man in the district; the man of whose character no one can say aught, upon whose moral life there is not a blemish, whose political life is as pure as the spring water which ripples along in the small creeks of the Bluegrass Region, whose love for all things and persons pure, beautiful and virtuous, dominates over the desire for worldly gain—and that man is Judge J. R. Morton. If he should consent to become a candidate, I believe that he would receive more than twice the number of votes cast for either of his opponents. Yes, I think there is probability of his becoming a candidate."—Lexington Transcript.

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Since Billy's racket I shall always be afraid of any of that "silver tongue" business.

THE WOMEN

Would nearly all vote against Billy.

The Courier-Journal, with its wonted imbecility and moral cowardice, has written an editorial about woman suffrage.

Its principle argument against it is that the women do not want it, as it says. It is too true that the inferior position into which men, by sheer brute force, have long forced women, has so morally and intellectually degraded the average woman that she spends half her time thinking about getting her waist stuck up on her shoulders, and getting some feathers stuck up in her hat, at this time when the whole country is aglow with burning issues. But at the same time every woman in the country—and, as a general thing they are more intellectual and better educated than the men—can now see, in this Breckinridge-Pollard matter, more clearly than ever before, the reason why they should have the right to vote.

This great scandal case is a matter of even more than national importance. It involves a principle that concerns every man and woman in any civilized government. The issue is between the sexes, Breckinridge and Pollard are trying to establish what they call the "double standard" of morals, and Breckinridge, as the champion of this idea, has said that he could be guilty, with impunity, of a personal uncleanness that would ruin a woman. That this is historically true is now, and has long been, a commonly recognized fact, but it has been a fact that good and honest and intelligent people have always deplored, and the injustice of which has, until now, been, by all such people, recognized.

To save his own rotten hide, this old gray-headed libertine, is now trying to foist this deplorable and hitherto deplored fact into a place in the code of the unwritten law of the land.

That every old sin-soaked libertine in the country should tumble to his rackets is natural; but the more distressing part of the case is that there are many instances of good men, who, having an axe to grind, or led captive by the seductive oratory of the man, or made to first pity, then endure, and then embrace him, because of the real or alleged suffering that he has undergone, as the result of his crime, are now his allies in his nefarious and diabolical purpose.

The principles of our government are supposed to put all of our law-abiding citizens, not only on an equality before the law, but also in social recognition. Or, if there be any difference in this regard, there is the unwritten law of chivalry that gives the woman some preference. But in this instance where there is a direct and square clash in the interest of the men to consume the crime of Breckinridge and the interest of all women to condemn and punish him for his crime, and this crime is to be condoned or condemned by his election or defeat for Congress—the men can all walk up and vote their sentiments and the women cannot. And though it is not true that the men in the country are libertines as Breckinridge and Phil Thompson have proclaimed, there are thousands of men as corrupt as Breckinridge who will walk up and vote for him, because it is to their interest to stand by their own kind, who have wives just as pure as Breckinridge's wife, who is said to have died from a broken heart, from having discovered his perfidy and such women as these must stay at home and attend to the domestic affairs, and scheme to get a spring bonnet and a new dress, and with his slanders it to wear to church, while their lords and masters go to the polls to do the voting for both of them.

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Think of Emma Abbott going to her husband to tell her how to play "Mikado," or Mary Anderson deferring to her husband as to how to represent "Cymbeline" or "Portia" or "Juliet" or "Imogen." Congress is for the fathers of the law to say, in action that speaks louder than words, that the road to fame from Kentucky, is the path of vice. How any true good sensible woman who has a son to protect from the vice of this country can now say that she does not want to vote against this bad man, is more than I can understand.

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Phil Thompson, who has separated from his wife, and killed two men, is the kind of a man a Breckinridge employs for his counsel.

Under all the circumstances, I do not think it is very creditable either to the head or the heart of the woman to say she does not want to vote.

At the same time that the Democrats were offering old Cleveland and old Carlisle and old Breckinridge, none of whom all things and persons pure, beautiful and virtuous, dominates over the desire for worldly gain—and that man is Judge J. R. Morton. If he should consent to become a candidate, I believe that he would receive more than twice the number of votes cast for either of his opponents. Yes, I think there is probability of his becoming a candidate."—Lexington Transcript.

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Woman Everlastingly Sins
Cousin "Willie."

Now that the famous, or rather infamous, Breckinridge-Pollard suit has been decided, the verdict given, we will gladly turn away from this dark picture with all its foulness and polluting influences. Man is fallible, and therefore his judgment cannot be infallible, or beyond contradiction and criticism. These are those who would try to find some palliation for Breckinridge's crimes by saying that Judge Brady was partial and unjust in his rulings. Be that as it may, there is a higher court and an all-wise and just judge, to whom this smooth-tongued liar will have to render an account; and be that as it may, all will be silent as to the justice of it.

The issue before the people of the Ashland district today is not between Breckinridge and Miss Pollard; but rather, between morality as against immorality, for had he not made his name a synonym for falseness and immorality? If it was not so small and contemptible it would be amusing to read the piece in the "Bourbon News" and copied by several of our exchanges, trying to cry out persecution, by saying that Mr. Breckinridge had not been granted the rights usually accorded the worst criminal, "a fair impartial trial," as if he did not select his own counsel. Perhaps Miss Pollard suggested to Willie that he had better secure the aid of the illustrious Phil Thompson, and the dastardly coward was so much afraid of that pistol he dare not disobey.

No, Mr. Breckinridge stands self-condemned. He has admitted all that his friends of the Ashland district had felt sure he could successfully deny. He acknowledged on the witness stand that he had lied time and again. For instance, swearing on the witness stand that he had never defaulted in a professional way so as to require the advancement from personal friends to save him from prosecution, or, in other words, from the penitentiary. That he did become so involved has been a matter of public notoriety in Kentucky and all of the older men know it too. And yet he swears to a point blank lie that he ought to land him behind prison bars for the rest of his life, where he could have time and space for repentance for the meanness he has been doing all his life and so adroitly hidden till now.

Are the fathers and husbands, going to say, by their votes, to the younger men of our fair land, go default, lie, steal and seduce, (for it has been proven that he has been guilty of all), and we will stand by you and support you in it all? Men of the Ashland district I cannot believe you are so lost to all that is good and true as to be willing that this shall go down to other generations, and be made a fact in history, that our fathers deliberately voted for a man that has so shamefully outraged the very name of decency. Can it be that this is the kind of man you are willing to send to Congress? Some are saying and trying to prove that Mr. Owens is as bad as Breckinridge. If he is there is one virtue he possesses over the smooth-tongued liar, that of not trying to pose as an "angel of light" make long prayers and honey-coated Sunday School speeches to innocent pure children.

Yes, Mr. Owens is a gambler, and God knows that is bad enough. They say "he does not gamble now through policy," but he had better cease doing wrong from policy even if there is no higher motive. I ask any right thinking, fair-minded man to honestly decide which is worse, gambling or open continued adultery. It was not only with Miss Pollard, for every club that he has ever been member of has felt sure of his business in this respect, and all this while his pure true wife still lived and clung to him for that love and protection that he had sworn at the marriage altar to give.

Men let me beg of you, think before you vote, and don't, don't for God's sake, your children's and your country's sake, wilfully put this blot on our fair land. The words of Capt. R. H. Fitzhugh, a prominent writer and thinker, have the right ring to them when he says, "I am and have been a friend to Mr. Breckinridge, and if I thought he would take my advice I would say to him, now you cannot afford to ask your friends to drag themselves in the mire by casting their votes for you." He says he is surprised that Mr. B. should ask his friends to endorse his immorality, and thus send to their sons, that morality counts for nothing.

And Capt. J. R. Berry says, "I am a Confederate and have always voted for Breckinridge but he has left me no excuse for doing so now, he has admitted everything that the people of the Ashland district promised months ago to wait for him to deny. A man that will lie and impose on his friends as he has on Mrs. Blackburn, is not the man to represent me in Congress." Or will you say, as some do, that you will vote for him no matter what he does, or like Will S. Marshall, a well known publisher, gives his reason for wanting to send him back to Congress, that he will be ostracized socially and will have time to attend to business. Is this the kind of a man you want to represent you in Congress, one so vile and immoral that society utterly ignores him?

What influence do you suppose he will have in Washington, where his own testimony was given and it was seen how he lied in every point? Men who expect to vote stop and think what an awfully serious thing this is, and of the good men whom you have honored and who have honored you by being true to the trust imposed in them, and don't, don't disgrace their memory and yourselves by voting for a man so steeped in sin as the smooth, slick-tongued Billy B.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Mrs. Sarah Sedgewick, of Memphis, Tenn., tells what Women think about Breckinridge and Miss Pollard.

To the Editor of the Blue Grass Blade.

During the discussion of the late unpleasantness in Washington, the women of this country could not help wondering why the men were so worked up by the fear of the terrible effects of the Pollard-Breckinridge case on the female mind. This was shown by their writings in the press, and the remarks of Col. Butterworth in Cincinnati, and to the jury. As he had reason to believe from the demonstrations of public feeling that his client was on the losing side, it was but natural that he should deplore the bringing of the suit. But women fail to see the reason for this general outcry on the part of men about its alarming effects upon the moral character of the women, and rise to remark that the men had better look within for a mare's nest. Women have always striven far harder than they to uphold the standard of morality, and the less men meddle with them the better.

The women shrewdly suspect that the real reason of their terrible alarm is lest

some other Medeline Pollard, incited thereto by the success of this one, should "go and do likewise." If every Miss Pollard in the United States were to arise in righteous indignation, and seek redress through the courts—it would certainly hurt no woman, nor would it ruin the thousand souls as Col. Butterworth suggests, though a good many thousand might wish they had never been born.

If all sinning men were sure of the punishment that Col. Breckinridge has received it would have a most wholesome effect. No doubt it has already, in some instance, proven a lesson and a warning. This is inferred from the vast amount of highly moral talk men have indulged in for the last few weeks, both in the press and out, and doubtless many a wayward husband has suddenly discovered that there's no place like home.

It has not hurt good women, and has only served to make vice seem more loathsome than ever to respectable people of both sexes, and to intensify their desire to see the Augean stables cleaned out, no matter how heroic the treatment. One-sided measures have never proven efficacious. Justice knows no sex, and demands that both sexes be judged by the same standard and punished accordingly. "For there is a sin that bane with one bane." It is not necessary of course to spread abroad all the disgusting details of such trials, but no one who has been thus wronged should be browbeaten from seeking redress through the courts—out of sentimental regard for the public's feelings. As the sun purifies, so will the search light of investigation into such evils, and the punishment of the wrong doer. It is in the pursuance of the policy of cloaking and covering up such vile deeds that they grow and flourish, for sin loves the darkness.

But curiously enough the men are all crying out, the woman is getting off too easy, she has sinned also, and yet she is going on the stage, going to get gold and glory. Why has she not received the same usual punishment from her own sex? For this reason. Back of Miss Pollard, this one woman who has escaped a stoning in nineteen hundred years, (no wonder the show managers want her) is every woman in America. Her revenge is won. This was shown by the intense interest they took in the trial, and their universal delight in her triumph. That Miss Pollard was elevated was but a mere incident of a desire to degrade the man who has drawn upon himself the intense hatred and contempt of every woman in America, it is believed—with the single exception of Mrs. Bullitt, of Kentucky. The unparalleled impudence of the man who after confessing his iniquities, nonchalantly remarked that "such exposures as would ruin the woman only injure the man," was the straw that broke the camel's back.

The woman has turned. Every woman in the land, to judge from reports from all quarters, of the best and purest, mothers, wife and daughter, has registered a vow that it shall ruin also, if she can accomplish it. His words and his manner said thus—I am a man—nothing in the way of morality is expected of me. I can sin, and sin, and sin, and the woman whom I have ruined will go to perdition, and I will go to Congress.

As for Miss Pollard though no one deems her blameless—far from it—though all must concede that she was most sinned against, still seeing all that she had suffered, no one can begrudge her any comfort to be derived from stage gold and glories. And there is very little reason to doubt that if the world should treat her as it has for years past, treated the man in the case, although fully aware of his notorious immorality, she should heap upon her honors and emoluments, should listen spell bound to her oratory, pay her six thousand a year, and send her to Congress, she might at least attain to the high moral standard of the average Congressman. And right now the women of this country want to know why it is that a candidate for Congress is not required to give a certificate of good moral character as well as a poor woman who applies for a clerkship in one of the departments. Surely the one office is more exalted than the other, and demands a more exalted character to fill it. We would as leave have our pensions, patents and mail dished out to us by an immoral person, male or female, as to have our laws made by such.

The closing years of the nineteenth century will witness the beginning of a new era—and it is time. Breckinridge and Pollard are only straws which show the way the wind blows. If there is any doubt about women being able to raise the wind—just listen for the coming cyclone in Kentucky.

Now, as has been said woman has just discovered herself—but now that she is awake, she is very wide awake, and is ready for changes. It has gradually dawned upon her that she has all along, for nineteen hundred years been stoning the wrong party. That there must have been something radically wrong with that plan, is evident since it has been signally unsuccessful in improving the moral condition of the world. This is disabbling the teaching and example of the Masters she has brought upon the world most of the trouble and sorrows that exist. That by stoning the woman and letting the sinning man go free, she has defeated her own object. She has set a premium on man's immorality, and made his opportunities for sinning, and leading a double life, all the more easy and convenient. By stoning and ostracizing the erring woman, thus depriving her of all opportunity of earning an honest living, and regaining her own self-respect, which is denied to no man, however, high and may have sin, she is driven to the only alternative left open to her, from which she turns with the sense of this injustice rankling in her heart, and with all the venom of a woman scorned, to prey upon the pure homes from which she is spurned. Instead of encouraging her to reform and lead a life of decency, thus making fewer and fewer, instead of more and more, the opportunities for sinful living for both man and woman, she is driven an outcast into dens of vice, pestilential spots, from which issue forth all the evils that good people would avert—wrecking their homes, breaking their hearts, destroying their loved ones—disease, infamy and death.

Memphis, Tenn., April 26, 1894.

How my Kinsman talks about it.

ST. LOUIS, May 14, 1894.

Dear Cousin Charlie: Kindly send me the amount of my indebtedness to the Blade, and I will gladly pay it—the rich man's price, as judgment number is in my judgment well worth a dollar.

"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts which arise in me" when I read the Blade and other papers upon the affairs affecting my old home neighborhood in the past weeks.

The truth is mighty and it will prevail.

Very sincerely yours,

W. G. MOORE.

Honored by the Covington Record.

The Covington Record has done me the honor to print in full my long editorial in which I prognosticate another American war.

Where's Southgate.

Editor of The Herald:

I do not go to church, because I have sucked the orange dry, and it only a mock orange to begin with. The preachers have nothing new to tell any thinking man. It is the same story of original sin, and vicarious righteousness, and burning hell, and fiery devil that I have heard over and over again all my life. I gave up church attendance because I usually came home swearing after listening to their absurd and blasphemous teaching. For I hold it to be blasphemy to teach that a ghost raped a few women, who gave birth to a God who was as old as the ghost. I dislike to hear such legends woven about the life of the true and loving man Jesus.

Again, my business has brought me into almost daily contact with preachers, and I find them no better than other people. They are full of petty jealousy, they are very apt to lie and misrepresent, and I know there is not one out of fifty who believes his own doctrine. One of the leading Methodist preachers in Chicago told me he thought the plan of salvation was absurd nonsense, and one of the most prominent evangelists in this country, who was a schoolmaster of mine, told me not long ago, when we were talking religion, that he didn't believe a word of it. He said: "I whoop it up in revival meetings because I get good money for it."

Why, then, should I fool away my time going to church to listen to preaching that the preachers themselves regard as only a fairy tale with which to hoodwink those who never stop to think.—H. L. K.—Chicago Herald.

"Owens will never overcome that speech," said "Heathen" Moore, to The Democrat. "Nothing like it since Demosthenes thundered against Phillips' sedition." Moore and Hodges were standing in the street together and we congratulated them on the "hoax" and their unity. Moore wore a white ice-cream freezer livenuster and held a "grip" and Breckinridge were the most picturesque pair I have seen in the throng. Moore hurried off after inviting us to a glass of Hire's root beer, for his train, as he had an engagement in Cincinnati to "preach" Mohammedan doctrines. Hodges had out an extra edition of The Observer and it was gobbled up.

One man shouted, "the sinless man does not live in Kentucky," and another said, "by ganny, he ain't in this desert." "Billy I love you next to Betty." I denounce one man and I am ready to meet him any way," said Breckinridge. "You don't mean Charlie Moore," shouted another, and the house roared with laughter, as B. smiled through his anger and tears.

McAfee Duncan divided his time between Breckinridge and Moore, and he says Moore is a great man. Moore and Mack took a drink together, of the dry sort, soda water. Moore lives on exercise and blue lick.

The sermon of Charles Moore at Cincinnati Sunday was 94 pages, and treated of 437 subjects. He took "a crack at creation" during these crackling times, and was warmly received.—Nicholasville Democrat.

A Presbyterian Lady who wants to see "Behind the Bars."

Mrs. James R. Haley, a Presbyterian who has her membership at Mt. Horeb—"Willie" Breckinridge's church—has from the very beginning been one of the warmest friends to the Blue Grass Blade, and to my book, The Rational View. She has loaned me the book to a lady friend in France, and regularly sends her copy of the Blade there. Mrs. Haley expresses great desire to see my unpublished book "Behind the Bars" that I wrote while in jail in Paris. She has written to me, and soon as the last copy of the "Rational View" is sold.

I think the "Rational View" is, by considerable odds, the biggest thing that I have ever written. It is a neatly bound book, and I sell it for 50 cents, postage prepaid. I think the book is fully worth that, and I take it as a kindness when one orders it from me.

I will take the stump for Billy if he does.

A dispatch to the Courier-Journal says that Elder John S. Sweeney of Paris has been called upon to run for Congress in the event of Breckinridge's nomination. Sweeney is the sweet scented geranium that had me put in jail. If Sweeney comes into the race I shall take the stump for Billy.

Billy is pretty tough but he would not put me in jail because I do not believe in his religion.

Cincinnati Commercial reports me wrong.

The Cincinnati Commercial has reported me as saying "I am in favor of making Sunday or any other day a day of rest." I said "I am opposed to making Sunday or any other day a day of rest." I think all Sundays and Sabbaths are bad institutions, encourage ignorance and drunkenness.

The oration itself cannot be praised too highly. It was a surprise to all, and even his bitterest enemies expressed an unbounded admiration of what they styled a great speech. At the depot I had a talk with Elder Chas. C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade fame, and those who have read this journal know that Mr. Moore has no prejudice in favor of his "Cousin Willie." In speaking of the speech Editor Moore had nothing to say that was not kind and complimentary.—Anderson News.

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ANTI-BRECKINRIDGE

Meeting—A part of the Lexington Transcript's report of Opera House Proceedings.

Never, in Kentucky, if indeed in America, or the world, has there been so great and so grand an aggregation of the intelligence and morals of any country, to protest against the immorality of any one man, as that which met at the Lexington Opera house, Monday, May 14th, to express, in the most unqualified terms, its deep detestation, condemnation and repudiation of the dishonorable William Campbell Breckinridge, liar, libertine and dead-beat.

This is not language that I use simply because the man has so degraded himself as to license any man to speak, with impunity, almost any evil of him, but of the greater two of these charges he stands guilty under his own oath, and that he is a man who will not pay his debts promptly, if at all, is largely known in business circles.

I am by no means certain, nor have I been, from the beginning of his Pollard exposure, that murder, or *paricide* *crimes* in murder, does not properly belong in the long list of his crimes, and that murder of the foulest and blackest dye—the infanticide of his own illicitly begotten progeny. That children were born to this animal union is, by them admitted. There were several of these children, and children of their kind always live, in spite of the devil and the doctors, if they have half a chance.

That the parents of these children were of unusual bodily vigor I suppose no expert in America is prepared to deny, and yet that some of them lived beyond the short span of early infancy nobody knows. A man who is capable of cloaking his crimes in religious hypocrisy as Breckinridge has done, is capable of any crime, and he and his paramour should be arrested and examined and be made to show by the proper certificates of physicians, or accoucheurs that those children died from natural and unavoidable causes.

Judge Durham has been, by some, adversely criticised because in his speech before that assembly, he alluded to Breckinridge as a "whoremonger." I honor the grand old man, because he is not afraid to talk Saxon to those who are proud of their Saxon blood. Billy Breckinridge is not the kind of a man to be handled with sugar tones and handled around a rose, as "Fannie Fern" said of N. P. Willis. The crimes of such men as Breckinridge are, in these days of journalistic prudery so sugar-coated with French terms and Latin technicalities that the yomany of the land scarcely know with what he is charged.

The New Testament says "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge," and when a degenerate clergy, hypocrite and belittled with all the gew-gaw, clap-trap and ginger bread tinselry of modern ecclesiasticism, becomes too finical to quote the King James version of the New Testament, who only endorse its plain, blunt, honest, home spun morals, am glad that a man like Judge Durham, though once himself in the Congress of the United States, can now come to the front from the secular walks of life, and blast this grey headed hypocrite in the language that the English New Testament has furnished for that purpose.

The immense audience that filled every available foot in the Opera House—many being unable to get in—had in it but little if any of that namby-pamby damned stuff that the elite and the "four hundred" of Lexington, They, and the machine politicians, and the ward hummers, and the hoodlums were, happily distinguished by their absence. The people who possessed the audience were the very pick and choice of the intellect and morals of the Blue Grass of Kentucky; and they were there without regard to politics or religion; I, as secretary, holding the high position of it and receiving even more than my share of kind allusions from the Christian speakers.

The speech of Judge Durham, intrinsically strong, gains additional force from his high record in Congress and his grand and pure life as he goes in and out among us, in his daily walk and conversation, and his recital of his experience that they were the "iron tongues," and not the "silver tongues," that did the good in the Congressional affairs of the nation, will rob this community of that false, ignis fatuus, glamour, that hangs on a "silver tongue" when it is wagged in a brass cheek and an iron jaw.

The letter of Judge Morton, which I felt honored even to have the privilege of reading to that assembly, marks him prominently among the men of true steel in our state.

We all know that it is to the interest of a politician in this state, to stand by the ring, but Judge Morton's letter has placed him, in the estimation of our best people, far ahead of any ring in this, or any other State.

He had been a brave companion in arms with Breckinridge, and in common with all the rest of us, appreciated, and was proud of his distinguished genius; but Judge Morton saw, as every man of sense must see, that the fact of Breckinridge's genius is all the greater reason why he should not be allowed to cast the Upas shadow of his influence upon this devoted land.

The words of Rev. J. W. McGarvey, the young David—the little giant champion of Lexington's morals were clear-cut, concise, forcible, moderate and conservative though reasoned with the "Atlantic" and Irish wit, that his name and his fibrous extraction warrant. In this connection, it is proper to say that the only hiatus in the enjoyment of the occasion was that Judge Mulligan, the prince of Irish wits, was not present, or at least did not answer to the perfect clamor of calls for him to come to the stage and give us a sample of his distinguished aversion to Breckinridge.

Prof. Rucker, modest as he always is, was simply forced on to the stage and forced to speak, and he did this with the force and beauty that distinguish all his efforts in that line, and I was reminded, to the credit of Prohibition, that two out of three speakers of the occasion, McGarvey and Rucker, are men who have distinguished themselves in Prohibition work.

My purpose in the carrying out of the program of the evening was to have Judge Mulligan close the speeches of the day, and I think that it was a mistake of the honorable chairman, W. B. Hawkins, that Judge Mulligan was not heard from. I believe that meeting was the political death knell of Breckinridge.

At 2:10 o'clock Rev. R. T. Mathews stepped to the front of the stage and stated that, as Judge Morton was compelled to be absent, he nominated Mr. W. B. Hawkins for chairman. His nomination was quickly seconded, and Mr. Hawkins was elected chairman. The newspaper men present were appointed secretaries, and at the chairman's request Mr. Charles C. Moore read the following letter from Judge Morton:

JUDGE MORTON'S LETTER.
LEXINGTON, KY., May 14, 1894.
Mr. James M. Graves and others, committee:

GENTLEMEN—I exceedingly regret that a professional engagement in Winchester, Ky., prevents my participating in the meeting of the citizens of Fayette County, held today for the purpose of protesting against the renomination for Congress by the Democratic party of Colonel Breckinridge. With a majority of our people I share the opinion that the renomination of Colonel Breckinridge would carry with it the implication that our people either approve of, or are indifferent to the immoralities confessed by Colonel Breckinridge on the trial at Washington.

While I do not believe that any considerable portion of the followers of Colonel Breckinridge are conscious that their support of him involves such an implication, yet whether he be supported from gratitude for favors received, sympathy for his misfortune, Christian forgiveness of his sin, or the belief that he can best serve his district in Congress, a close analysis of such reasons supports the conclusion stated. Some of such reasons, while creditable to human nature, but illustrative of misgivings of public service, and the support of such reasons clearly show that the confessed immoralities are minimized or that forgiveness is confounded with crowning.

Upon the issue stated, from which there is no escape, I can not doubt that a renomination of Colonel Breckinridge will be disastrous to the best interest of the Ashland District, the State of Kentucky and the Democratic party of the nation. These times impose duties upon every member of the Democratic party—each of us must meet that duty and discharge it. I have confidence in the intelligence and integrity of my party, and I can not doubt the Democracy of the Ashland district will meet the issue presented to them as they have the issues in the past, and that the result will be such as all good citizens can appreciate.

I do not think the meeting should indulge in harsh or hard words in criticizing those who differ with us. I trust the result of the meeting will be a manly appeal to the intelligence and courage of this district. Trusting your meeting will, in every sense, secure that success its purposes merit, I am, with great respect,
J. R. MORTON.

The chairman then introduced Prof. J. W. McGarvey who made a speech which was well received and which created a profound impression. After he had finished, the Committee on Resolutions, consisting of W. W. Eastell, Hugh O'Neill, J. M. Graves, D. F. Frazier, G. A. DeLong, and James McConally, reported through Judge Phelps, the following resolutions which were adopted by a unanimous rising vote:

Whereas, The people of this Congressional district have been shocked and grieved by the revelations recently made of the immoralities on the part of our Representative in Congress, continued during his whole period of service; and

Whereas, The prompt re-election of a man of such habits would necessarily be regarded by the whole civilized world as an approval, or at least a condonation of his crimes against social order, would bring upon ourselves a large share of the disgrace which now attaches to him; would be setting an example before the youth of our State and of our country, subversive of all moral sentiment, and would especially proclaim to the young men that, among the people of Kentucky gross immorality is no hindrance to high official preferment; therefore be it

Resolved by the men and women here assembled:

1. That we remonstrate, in the name of the district of our beloved State and of common decency, against the renomination of Colonel W. C. Breckinridge.
2. That we hereby pledge ourselves to do all in our power that is lawful and honorable to prevent his nomination.
3. That we halt the hearty and almost unanimous co-operation of the women of this district in this, our uprising against a great wrong as a guarantee of the righteousness and purity of our cause.
4. That we recommend the calling of meetings like this and the adoption of similar resolutions in every county in the district.

Mr. Harry C. Clay presented and read the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Ashland district of Kentucky has been known and honored of all men by the faithfulness and the services of such illustrious men as Clay, John C. Breckinridge, Crittenden, Beck and Blackburn; and

Whereas, The present incumbent, W. C. P. Breckinridge, has by his conduct caused the eyes of the Nation to be turned upon us with anxious expectancy; therefore be it

Resolved, That in this hour of supreme trial, we affirm our support to honor, truth and morality, and pledge our lives and our honor to their maintenance:

Second, That we most urgently request our senior Senator, Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, whom it has been the pleasure of the district often to honor, to obtain leave of absence from the Senate and return to this district to protest from its rostrum against the re-nomination of W. C. P. Breckinridge.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the United States Senate as a petition for leave of absence for Senator Blackburn.

After Mr. Clay had read his resolution Judge Phelps read the following which was handed in by the ladies:

Whereas, W. C. P. Breckinridge has announced himself as a candidate for election to Congress from the Ashland district, notwithstanding his confession, under oath, of flagrant and habitual licentiousness and hypocrisy; therefore, resolved:

1. That we women of Kentucky and Fayette County, Ky., do solemnly protest against the renomination as the representative of this district.
2. We believe that such an endorsement of W. C. P. Breckinridge at the polls would be a disgrace to Kentucky, a shame upon womanhood, an insult to womanhood, a sinful example to youth, and a menace to both society and the home.
3. We earnestly implore our fathers, husbands and brothers to wipe out the stain that W. C. P. Breckinridge has brought on the fair fame of the Ashland district.

This was adopted unanimously.

In response to loud calls Judge M. J. Durham arose and made a splendid speech, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the ladies.

After he had finished there was a perfect storm of calls for Judge James H. Mulligan, but after nearly five minutes of constant yelling the audience found the Judge would not respond.

Professor J. J. Rucker, of Georgetown, then made a few remarks denouncing Breckinridge, then Rev. E. L. Southgate adjourned the meeting with prayer.

WANTS IT FOR A LITERARY CURIOSITY.
BLUE GRASS BLADE, Lexington, Kentucky.
Enclosed is the subscription money of a heathen and a Prohibitionist. I think your ideas on those subjects are not far off, but I don't like your manner of treating them. I want your paper as a literary curiosity. Direct,
Lieut. W. O. Johnson,
Sault Ste Marie, Mich.

The Lexington Observer Says I Was the Most Popular Candidate Before the Anti-Breckinridge Meeting.

The Lexington Observer of May 19—Col. John G. Hodges editor, in speaking of the late Anti-Breckinridge meeting at the Lexington opera house, says:

"The audience seemed to be entirely harmonious in denunciation of Col. Breckinridge, but beyond this an apparent difference of opinion existed.

From demonstrations made by the audience there were a number of gentlemen who could have counted friends on the floor, had their names been announced from the platform as choice of the meeting for Congress.

Among them Gen. Gentry would have probably polled more votes than any one excepting possibly, C. C. Moore, and the others would have come, in number in about the following order: Hon. Milton J. Durham, Col. Wm. R. Milward, Judge J. R. Morton, Prof. J. J. Rucker. There was no way of ascertaining the strength of either of the announced candidates as none of them were present in person, or had a recognized representative there.

The resolutions passed were strong, and well defined, and the order of the meeting decorous."

Long Questions and Short Answers.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 19.
Mr. Moore I would like to ask you a few questions, not that I pride myself on my intellect or learning. You say you believe Jesus was a good man and also that you are a friend to woman.

1. Why should you believe Jesus was a good man; did he misrepresent himself in claiming to be the son of God? In what respect are you a friend to woman?
2. Would you take the faith in God from them and place them back in heathenism? You say you would give woman the ballot. I would vote if I could by voting stop the saloon drunkenness and corruption; that's all. There are enough men to make the laws and govern the country if drunkenness and corruption were suppressed.
3. What does woman want with the ballot if the grace of God is taken from her? You call yourself woman's friend and would take the greatest comfort woman has on earth. You say you are not trying to change any ones belief, then for God's sake and for the sake of prohibition and the people, desist in writing infidelity and such terrible things about the Bible and edit a prohibition paper or quit.
4. You do not believe there is a God and I know there is a God and if he had not been a true friend to me I would have filled a suicide's grave. I have had excruciating bitter terrible sorrows, it was impossible to bear alone, and there was no human being to help me. I turned in prayer the great good, all-powerful God for help. I lifted a great weight from my heart and soul, then I could smile and even feel happy. You may say that I am just a weak credulous woman who I believe such things, and not self sufficient and self sustaining like a big strong clear headed man who I am. I thank the Lord that I am weak and credulous if it makes me believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am thankful there are a great many men as large clear headed and intellectual and you feel yourself to be (who has studied theology and believe as I do).
5. What would woman or man be without the christian religion?
6. What would you be?
7. Would you like to have an infidel wife and children? You were raised by christian parents, but you are a very great mistake in having you study theology to prepare yourself for preaching when you never had been converted and felt so far short of religion.
8. Were you acting a hypocrite when preaching and baptizing? Supposing there was no God and it was all hallucination of the mind that caused people to believe such things, what good would it do you to say the world was created by belief which has done more to christianize and civilize the world than any other belief? And if right or wrong you will not have an answer for what others persist in believing. As you say it is a free country and every one has the right to their own belief, and so they have, and do not suppose any one will try to compel you to believe or believe differ from what you do, but would be delighted to know you did.
9. I think you have lost a good many true friends by the course you have taken. A great many right minded people were delighted when you first commenced your paper as a prohibition sheet, and thought it was a prohibition paper, and thought you right in rebuking hypocrites severely, and strong with the help of the people, to put down drunkenness and corruption.
10. Are you trying to do it?
11. Is your paper a prohibition paper?
12. What are you editing your paper for?
13. Do you expect to accomplish any good? You say that for high qualities of head and heart and for personal popularity among people of all kinds, there is not a family of the size of yours in Fayette county that equals yours, and ordinarily it would be unbecoming in you to say this, but such vicious and defamatory words as are aimed at you, and you say that you are driven to this in self defence.
14. Now why is this?
15. Do you write anything hurtful to other people's feelings?
16. Are you doing toward other as you would like to be done by?
17. And are you printing anything wrong? Perhaps you do not think it wrong, but perhaps those who are writing about you do not think it wrong.
18. This is a free country and people have a right to think what they please, but when they think very disagreeable thoughts which are very hurtful to religious principles and other peoples feelings, it is time to keep their thoughts to themselves and do unto other as they would like to be done by.

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The Man Who Wrote This, in The Lexington Press is a Damned Liar.

EDITOR PRESS.
At the risk of being called thick headed I am going to ask a question: How is it that a convention of ministers and ladies, who preach and worship Jesus Christ, should appoint as secretary of that meeting a man who is under indictment in the courts for hispandering the name of this same Jesus Christ, who, it is claimed, is the inspiration of those who are opposed to Col. Breckinridge? Which is the worse, the immorality of Col. Breckinridge or the blasphemy of C. C. Moore? The one who was immoral and has acknowledged his sin and asked repentance, is spit upon by the preachers, while he who defames the name of Christ and His holy mother, which is an unpardonable sin, and glories in it, is taken to the ministerial arms and elevated to a place of honor in a meeting that is run by preachers. Please explain this.

That the man who wrote that, is, as he suggests "thick headed" goes without saying, but in addition to this he is, like his friend Breckinridge, a damned liar. The man "R" is probably like some of the other pseudo writers against me in the Press, a mere figment of the Press' vivid, but mindless imagination, and unless his personality is mainly given in the Press my language is intended to apply to the whole Press gang.

In the last issue of my paper, in writing to a Catholic priest, Martin McInerney, of St. Paul, a fervent and beautiful character who is my personal friend and whom I dearly love, I used this language in answer to his printed article that was in my paper, and to his long personal and private and loving, and religious letter to me that contained \$5.00 to help me.

"I gave to your learned argument all the weight that, in my judgment, it deserved, augmented by the personal prejudice that I have for you; and still Jesus of Nazareth seems to me, only a good man, whose son, like your own, was all asfame and aglow with love to man, and I believe that it was the grand womanhood of his mother, rather than any superior excellence in his father, that made him what he was; for nearly all the great and good of earth have been their mothers and not their fathers have made them."

It is impossible that any man who has only sense enough to write the card in the Press can construe that language to be defamatory of the "name of Christ and his holy mother," he maliciously and knowingly lied when he wrote that.

As to why that assembly appointed me its Secretary is a question for them and not me to answer. But I suppose it was because the people of this country excepting Southerners and a few of his pals like "R," do not consider Breckinridge's distinguished "immorality" a crime, and do consider Breckinridge's crime, and because in a meeting, the purpose of which was to discuss the "immorality" of Breckinridge, and not the "blasphemy" of Moore, it was fitting to select as a Secretary, a man who has been prominent as an opponent of Breckinridge.

Editor C. C. Moore made a point in his first revised BLADE that struck a responsive chord in every merciful breast. He said no doubt, readers were expecting him to scold Breckinridge as he had done in the days of his success, but that now that the noble stag, because of great weakness, had been desperately wounded and everyone was hounding him he desisted to be one of the pack. He went back on this, but it doesn't change the sentiment—Kentuckian Citizen.

While this is substantially correct some explanation is necessary to do me justice. Long before this last Pollard development against Breckinridge, and when

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